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FRESHMAN RECEPTION

NOTE: Because Herbertina Norton was unable to attend the Reception, the following article is written by the Editor.

Last October 30, one of the finest Freshman Receptions in Gould history was given at the William Bingham Gymnasium. The whole affair made such a profound impression on me that as soon as I got up on Saturday, I began planning the story in my mind. After I had collected my thoughts I sat down at the typewriter and this is what I wrote-----

The chill October air forced me into my topcoat and I was glad because I thought it looked better. I finally persuaded that Herculean giant, who assists Frank Walker, to wear one also. We arrived at the girls' dorm at 7:45 and waited until 7:49 for the fair damsels to come tripping gaily down the stairs. At last we got underway and reached the Gym in the vicinity of 7:52.

After having hung our coats in the very dark and mysterious cloakroom, I walked out into the Gym. The whole place was tastefully decorated in Maroon and Cream. (Much credit goes to Malcolm Brown for his superb job.) I had had just enough time to put my head in the door when the massive hand of Coach Anderson reached out and roughly put me in the ushers' line. Then the receiving started. Many hands were shaken and many new acquaintances were formed.

The Grand March was an immense success and was enjoyed by all who participated in it, and even by those that watched. Many excellent dances followed. I was a bit wary of the fast ones but I soon learned that I was able to follow the rhythm. My roving eye detected many romances which I had never thought possible. In fact some of them were in such an idyllic state that my life was in danger on the average of five times a dance. I soon learned to watch out for them and run like mad for the other

side of the floor. While in transit, I would encounter a similar situation and would get knocked over to the other side of the room. When I returned to the side, where I formally had been, the offender would be gone and life would be once more livable.

The orchestra was very good and played some very "danceable" music. The only thing I could find wrong with it was that the girl vocalist didn't sing enough. (Maybe I'm prejudiced.)

During intermission while the refreshments were being served we were pleasantly surprised by some very fine entertainment from members of the Freshman class. Francis Bean showed remarkable skill on the piano and he received much applause for his fine work. We then heard from Priscilla Goggin, who sang very well and showed her range by singing one classical piece and one popular tune. Donald Brooks, the fine trombonist, played exceptionally well and won a great amount of applause from the audience. The final piece on the program was a clarinet solo by Roy Lurvey. Roy played "Concertina" by Von Weber. (I remember this because it is one of my favorite pieces. Everyone was amazed at the professional touch Roy displayed. Certainly he should go far in the field of music.

After intermission dancing continued and I ventured out on the floor once more. Wonder of wonder! To my utter amazement, I wound through the throng as if my name were Astaire. Things were going along at a nice rate when the call came for the football boys to go home. After they had gone I noticed that the people I hit weren't as solid as the ones I formerly had been hitting.

All joking aside this was one of the finest Freshman Receptions that I have ever seen. Credit goes to the decoration committee and to the faculty members who gave much valuable time towards making the Reception a success.

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EDITORIAL

"This Generation of Americans has a Rendezvous with Destiny." -- F. D. R.

Just what kind of Destiny do we have a rendezvous with? Are we going to be the masters of this world or are we going to be slaves? Just how will the war come out? Many of these questions are unanswerable, while others can be answered very quickly.

The American people possess an unlimited power. The people of America are looked up to by the oppressed peoples of the earth as the very lords of the world. American styles are copied the world over. American ideals and American accomplishment are the envy of all the people on the surface of the globe. If we were the masters of this world, just think of the unlimited possibilities that lay before us. With the world at our feet we would be the mightiest nation the world has ever known. On the other hand if we lose this war, as well we may, we will become dispicable slaves barely able to get a living out of the soil. YES, THIS GENERATION OF AMERICANS HAS A RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY.

The youth of today are the ones that will have the rendezvous with destiny. The whole generation of young men that are in the armed forces may be lost to the world. Why, you ask? This is why. This is a war of cruelty and swift death. The nations that we are at war with are vicious, ruthless, and absolutely untrustworthy. They will go to any ends to win the war and they are. The people of those countries have starved for years in order that their military machines would be invincible. They have accomplished that. No army or combination of armies has decisively licked Germany or Japan. (This does not include Russia for she expected war from Germany and prepared for it. I am talking about our so-called democracies.) There is no better form of government in the world than ours. We know that to be a fact. Then, what is the trouble? If it isn't the form of government then what is it? I'll tell you what it is, it's the people. We have been brought up in luxury and freedom. We don't know what it is to go hungry for days and days. We are soft both in mind and in body. We had much rather ride than walk, sleep than work. We are the ones who are afraid that we aren't going to get enough sugar or enough coffee. We are the ones who buy gas without a coupon. YES, THIS GENERATION OF AMERICANS HAS A RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY.

It is up to the youth of America to wake up and start to win the war. It can be done and it will be done if the war gets in a bad state. It is continual prodding and pushing that will spell final and complete victory over the enemy. We have never lost a war in our whole period of existence and by the grace of God and the help of the people we will win this one.

Let's make our Destiny bright and shining, not dark and barren. Let's proclaim to the prophets of hate that a new and richer brotherhood of man is being born and that we will have a triumphant and glorious rendezvous with Destiny.

R. W. G.

NEWS FROM THE CLASSES



SENIORS

Hi, Seniors! Well here we go again. Of course starting a new year at school is nothing new to us, but it's still exciting, huh?

We're old hands at choosing class officers, too, and we showed it by picking good ones. That popular boy, Glendon McCalister, was elected President for the second time,--he ought to know how to handle the job by now. Betty Jane Durgin (B. J. to you), a newcomer to Gould, won her way to the Vice-Presidency by her winning personality. Malcolm Brown, a trustworthy lad, is treasurer this year, while Carolyn Wight is pouring some of her famous vim and vigor into the duties of Secretary.

It would be quite difficult to pick outstanding seniors, because, of course, all the members of the Senior Class are outstanding! Athletics come as second nature to us, and as far as scholarship goes, if you have succeeded in getting this far without flunking, you're genius enough for us. We have our share of musicians and dramatic lights, too, in addition to our athletes and scholars.

By this time next year, we'll all be in college, or working, --- or in the Army. So, let's have a lot of fun this year, Seniors, and make our last year worth remembering.

Constance B. Sawyer
JUNIORS

When as freshmen we hastily glanced about at our classmates, most of us were severely disappointed. A more perfect group of bewildered, unimportant people was never before collected, so we thought. Then came our sophomore year, and this year we are happy to announce that we look about (more-or-less) without shuddering.

Everyone knows who the class officers are, so I won't waste valuable time by putting their names here. The Junior Class is well represented by future

DuPonts in the science club, several camera fiends in the club of the same name (I mean Camera), and a few Junior Rembrants in the Art Club. Sad to say, a number of mad musicians belong to our brilliant and versatile class also.

We wish to make it known that we make our share of noise in the band, break our share of the Chemistry equipment, and have our share of black sheep that study in study hall at night, and almost buy our share of War Bonds.

A. L. Aldrich

SOPHOMORES

Rejoice, O ye Sophomores! Rejoice in your liberation! Now we are masters of all we survey. Now we may be referred to as staid and solid citizens. Soon we will be Juniors, then Seniors, then free men and women, ---- or something.

The class officers are, President, Arch Young; Vice President, "Pussy" Carver; Secretary, Kathy Kellogg; and Treasurer, Miss Patsy O'Brien.

For the sake of boasting, it might be mentioned that Kathy Kellogg led all other classes in the first week of organized War Bond Sales.

For the benefit of those who are not quite sure just who the bright lights of our class are, I will briefly run over them. (Say, that's a good idea.) There is the select group of "A" students. Of course there's always Priscilla Carver who hasn't missed an "A" since she started school last year. And, of course, Roy Packard (next to Bob Sawyer) is the smartest boy in school.

So, here we are, all settled (I hope) and ready to make the class of 1945 one of the finest that Gould has ever seen.

Bob Foster

FRESHMEN

The Freshmen Class has an enrollment of 79. Fifty-six (pardon the figures) of these are town students. The remainder is, of course, made up of the dorm students.

As you may have heard, we have instituted "petticoat government". Ann Terriberry, is President, Caroline Bryant is Vice President, Barbro Freese is Secretary, and Helen Robertson is the honest and efficient Treasurer. Our motto is "Truth shall make you free."

NEWS OF INTEREST

SPORTS

As seen by N. E. Torrey

Gould Academy opened its 1942 football season by tying the Hebron J.V.'s 0 - 0, before an enthusiastic crowd of fans on Alumni Field. A fairly green team took the field for Gould with only Hawkins, Reid, Bennett, and Coolidge from last year's fighting eleven.

These men led the way against a wary and tough opponent. After a rather disastrous first half, Gould reared back in the second half, to drive deep into Hebron territory four times and just missing scoring chances.

The following Saturday we were defeated by a strong Norway eleven 25 to 13. Our line was completely outcharged and our backs could not seem to get going against the rugged opposition. The outstanding feature of the game was a thrilling 80-yard runback of an intercepted pass by halfback "Pete" Rosenberg who played a great game although it was in defeat.

Gould hoped to win its first at the expense of the Cardinals of South Paris, but were defeated by a score of 6 to 0. Paris grasped an early scoring opportunity and then held a fighting Gould team in check for the remainder of the game. On one occasion "Pete" Rosenberg was in the clear and raced for the end zone only to be hauled down on the 20-yard line by a Paris tackler. This game was particularly interesting because three former Paris players were on the Gould team, Pete Rosenberg, Al Emery, and Red Sanborn.

The following Saturday Gould broke into the win column by defeating Littleton N. H. 18 to 0. Every man on the team played exceptional ball and showed a great deal of improvement over previous games.

In what may have been the last football game on Alumni Field for the duration, Gould Academy held a favored Wilton Academy eleven to a scoreless tie. Gould almost scored in the last period after Reid recovered a Wilton fumble and Pete Rosenberg was stopped inches from the Wilton goal line. Outstanding were Hawkins, "Snakehips" Bradlee, Rosenberg, and the giant from Wilton, Trask.

Our hats are off to the team for their steady improvement and their "FIGHT

THE MELODIANS

As heard by Rachel Gordon

This fall it did not take Miss Griggs, our music instructor, long to start voice testing and instrumental auditions. Was it a coincidence that nearly everybody that had their voice tested had a cold? Anyway, it seems that they all sounded a bit husky. Husky is our mascot, is the answer. Many queer squeaks and undistinguishable sounds were heard from the direction of the music room, but after all the voices were sorted, five clubs Gould has a right to be proud of were formed. Sixty-two voices make up the Girls' Glee Club. The Boys' Glee Club sticks to a melodious twenty-six.

Out of these two groups was picked the Varsity Glee Club composed of forty members. This group will probably appear in public many times this year. You really ought to hear the boys come out with that "Boom Shusha" in the Negro Spiritual.

The band with its twenty-nine members has done a grand job this fall playing at the football games. Those cymbals can surely make a lot of noise when Gould makes a touchdown.

The orchestra, too, must not be forgotten. It hasn't appeared in public yet, but is getting ready for a good showing when they play between the One Act Plays that will be produced soon.

Besides the innumerable students who are taking lessons on instruments, there are a few that are taking voice.

I think that you have agreed with me by this time that at any time you might be wandering around the music room soft sweet music will ring upon your ears.

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"There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears;

Their earth is but an echo of the
spheres."

Lord Byron

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GOULD ACTIVITIES

Camera Club

Under the skillful direction of Gayle A. Foster, the new physics teacher here, the Gould Camera Club expects to soar to new heights. During the months to come the snapshot fiends will learn the tricks of photography and see pictures sent to them by famous photographers all over the country. They have many ambitious plans for the future which will undoubtedly bring about a rise in interest in the club as they are to be carried out by its active members.

Art Club

Another little known, but very active club is the Art Club, which Miss Lundy capably supervises. Although you may not know it, we are indebted to the Art Club for the very fine drawings which adorned the William Bingham gym last Friday night. We wish the Art Club all the success in the world, and we shall expect great things from them before the year is out. "Bob Foster

Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club has been blessed with a large number of excellent actors and actresses, as well as technical men and make-up artists. Mr. Thompson really has his hands full, distinguishing the best from the better and the better from the good.

Three one act plays have been chosen to be presented in December. These plays and their casts are as follows: "The Valiant" -- Bill Bradlee, Carolyn Goudy, John Lawry, Norm Jacobs, and one minor character who has not yet been chosen . . . "Thank you, Doctor"--Robert Golderman, Howard Sanborn, Lee Chiera, Kay Bragg, Bob Townsend. . . . "Our Dearest Possession"--Ilene Goodrich, Betty Burton, Barbara Doyle, Susanne Delatour, Virginia Griffin and Stanley Howard.

The officers for the year are as follows: President, Norman Jacobs; Vice President, John Lawry; Secretary, Betty Jobin; Treasurer, Harriette Holmes.

Mr. Thompson has some wonderful plans for the club later in the year. Here's to a brilliant future for the Dramatic Club! To know they'll have one.

"Jackie" Leader

Science Club

When looking over the roster of clubs active at Gould, we note the name "Science Club"! Aha, let's look into this.

Mr. Fortier, our very capable Chemistry teacher, started this club so that all students interested in science could join.

At present the officers are as follows:

President	Louisa Bacon
Vice President	David Hawkins
Secretary	Carolyn Wight
Treasurer	Lincoln Colby

Under Mr. Fortier's supervision, it will be possible for them to undertake many different projects in the field of science. Each is to select a long range project. These projects are as different as the members themselves are.

Barbara Poole and Harriette Holmes, we are told, have chosen to work on transparent skulls. It is rumored that our genial editor Goldie, commonly known as "Cavendish" to his Chemistry associates, is to study the polluted water of the mighty Androscoggin.

Next spring, the school is going to have a chance to view the results of our labors--we are having a Science Fair and Congress here.

That's the news as it looks from here, so until next time--Au Revoir.

Helen Fogg

TEACHER DEAR

Teacher, dear, I'd love to spend
My waking hours with you
To pour through books and learn about
Your subject and your view.

I'd love, I said, to learn from you,
And I would do it, too,
Except that I always seem to have
So darned much else to do.

"The Mad Poet"

The BLUE and GOLD will appear every two weeks. Get your copy early or you may be one of the unlucky few who don't get a paper.

GOULD ACADEMY ALUMNI-WHEREVER YOU MAY BE
P. & K.

Dick Peabody

Many of the '42 class decided that education wasn't as repulsive as they thought, and are continuing their studies at college. . . . Whip Abbe, the fellow with a real Southern drawl, is at the U. of Maryland studying engineering. U. of Maine seems to claim many of our students, among them Virgil Adams, who won a scholarship in Agriculture; his roommate, Milton Cameron; as well as Don Clark, the guy with a laugh; and Charlie St. Thomas, one-half of a crazy pair. . . Bud Runyon, the other half, is at the U. of New Hampshire. He claims that he is brushing up on extra-curricular affairs. Use a stiff brush, Bud. Nick Amato is also at Durham. You remember that Nick won the Citizenship Award for the Senior Class last Spring. . . . Bill Bartlett is at the U. of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan. (I hear that Kalamazoo is nearby.) . . . Bud Ireland and Frank Murdock are at Bates College, Lewiston. I'll bet Bud still gets straight A's, much to the discomfort of everyone else in his class! . . . Ozzie Morton is at Harvard University in Cambridge. If he comes back here to visit and has The Accent, let's mob him! Billy Robertson is at Becker College, Springfield, and from all reports, is getting along fine. . . . Sandy Richmond is at B. U. Business College, Boston, and from what I hear, Freshman Initiation is just about what everybody heard about Freshman Initiations. (Whew!) The quiet gentleman, Seabury Short, is at Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont. Ed Bean is in the Armed Forces. Probably many of those fellows I just mentioned will join him soon. When the Japs see them coming, they will proclaim Hara-kiri Day. . . . Arthur Chayer, Bud Clough, Blacky Cummings, are all in Bethel earning honest men's wages. And Jack Haines is working in the Boston & Maine R. R. Station Offices, Boston. He must work hard, for I've been through North Station at least four times this Fall and I haven't seen him once. . . . Mark Harvey and Lewis Littlehale are the only reason why the Barren North isn't unpopulated. Well, maybe there are a few more people living there. . . . And that seems to take care of the MEN. The next edition will tell you about the girls.

Well, fellers and gals, here we are back at dear old Gould again to trade our weekly issues of the jive journals, Down Beat and Metronome, known only to us "jazz fiends." The purpose of this column for the coming seasons will be to help keep the minds of Gould's jazz enthusiasts in touch with the outside world. Before we get into a red-hot discussion on which is better, Holden Hall's, "Ain't She Sweet", or the gooey Gehring Hall favorite, "My Devotion", let's find out who is where and why.

The sentimentalists will be greatly disturbed by the loss of Glenn Miller, who has obtained a commission as Captain in the Army Technical Corps. He has held the spotlight since 1938 and grossed over a million dollars last year. Marion Hutton, Tex Benecke, and three of the Modernaires are staying together, although the band as a unit is breaking up. The whole trombone section is going to Charlie Spivack. Skip Nelson, Glenn's recent ballad singer and newest addition to the band, will go back to Chico Marx. Ray Bauduc won't be beating the skins, nor Gil Rodin playing much tenor for the Crosby crew much longer, for they will be wearing khaki for Uncle Sam. Claude Thornhill won't be "tickling the ivories" either, for he has enlisted in the Navy. Rumors of a switch from the gaudy colors of a civilian to Army brown or Navy blue also come from Clyde McCoy, Alvino Rey, and Sammy Kaye. Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey are finally on speaking terms. They are on such good terms that they have opened a publishing house together.

According to a recent survey of records, the most played last week were, (1) Gal in Kalamazoo, (2) Be Careful, It's My Heart, (3) Met Her on Monday, (4) Strip Polka, (5) At Last, and (6) the new favorite, White Christmas.

When you see the number of band-leaders in the armed forces no one can say that the musical world isn't doing its part. Let's do our part by buying all the War Bonds and Stamps we can.

"If music be the food of love,
play on;
Give me excess of it, that,
surfeiting, The appetite
may sicken, and so die."
-Shakespeare.